

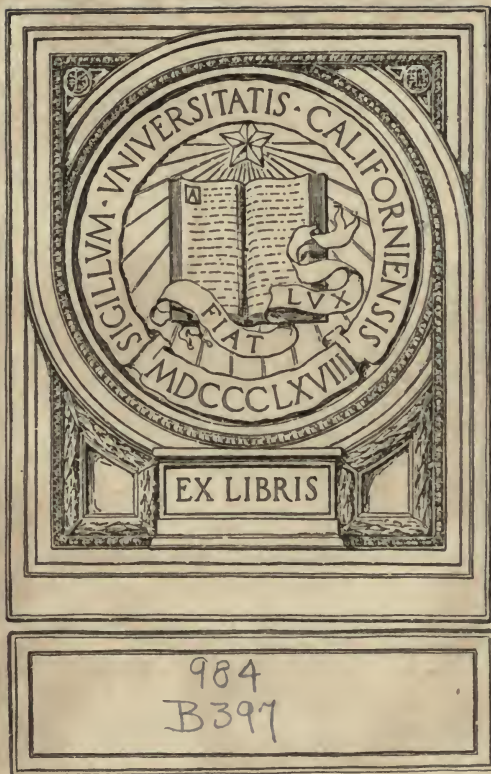
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# BECKIE'S BOOK OF BASTINGS



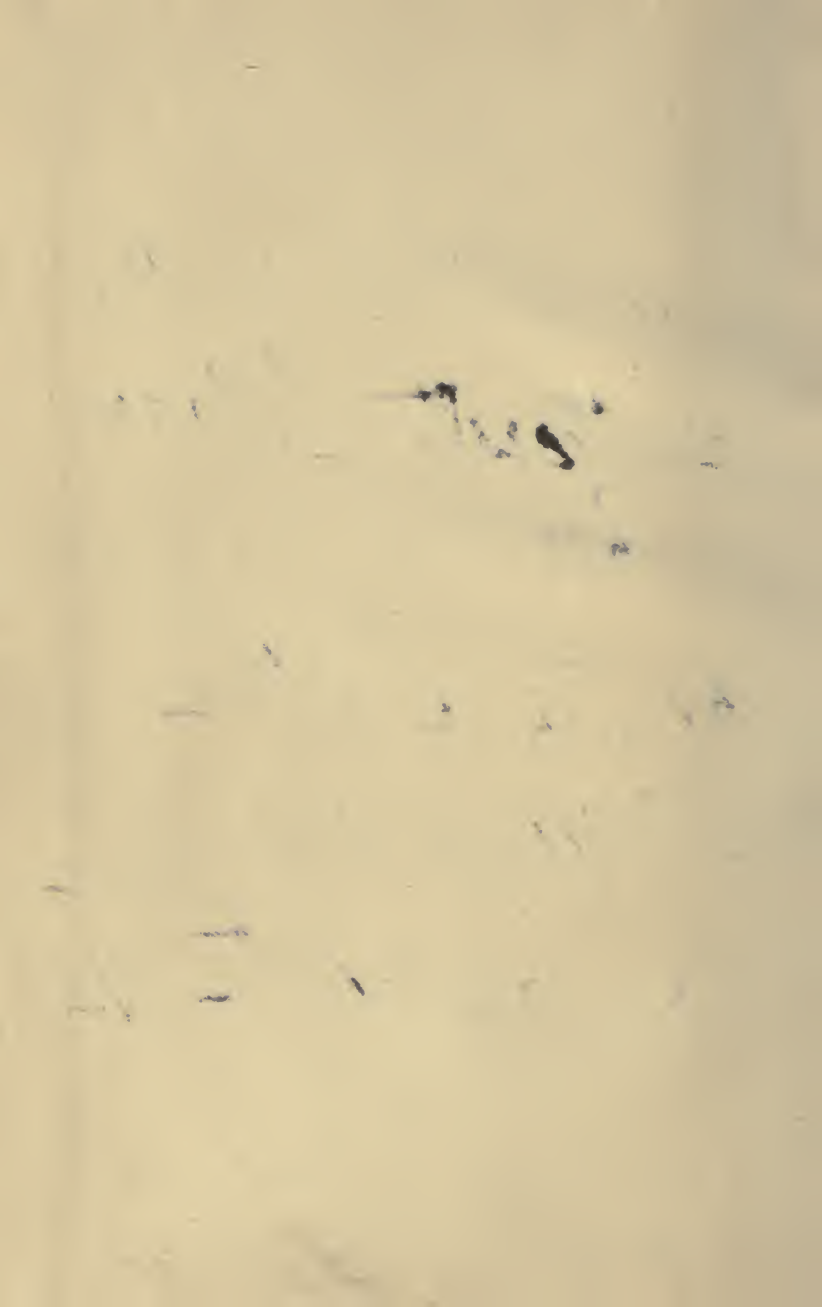


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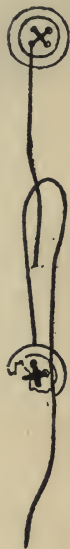


# Beckie's Book of Hastings by Mrs. William Beckman

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Author of "Backsheesh," "Unclean and Spotted  
from the World," Etc., Etc.

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UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA

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1910

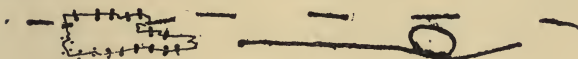
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**SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA**  
**FIRST EDITION DEC. 20**  
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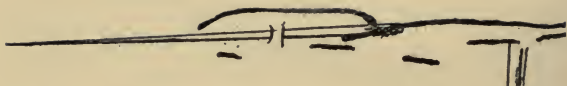
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To the friends who abbreviate my name and call me  
Beckie, and to those unknown I give a thought, a word  
herein that might help, amuse and entertain.



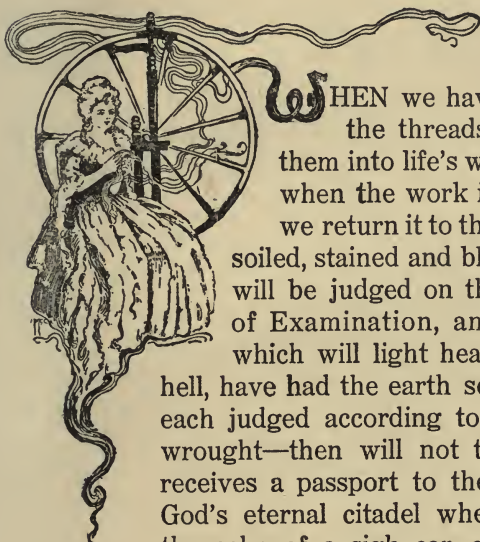


If in love I send my wayward fancies,  
If seed I've sown can germinate no harm,  
Shall I not hope and trust my sowing  
Find soil responsive, rich and warm?



BASTINGS



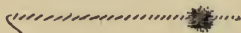


WHEN we have wound up the threads and woven them into life's web and woof, when the work is ended, and we return it to the Master, the soiled, stained and blotted texture will be judged on the great Day of Examination, and the souls which will light heaven, or flood hell, have had the earth seal lifted and each judged according to what it has wrought—then will not the soul that receives a passport to the bastions of God's eternal citadel where not even the echo of a sigh can enter, feel its unworthiness having done so little to receive so much.

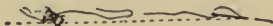


The sheltered woman to whom fate has been kind, one who has not found it necessary to go out in the world to fight for sustenance, has no incentive, no excuse for wrong doing, as may have the unsheltered woman. Yet it is the well-cared-for woman whose acts are often nameless and unrecognized by law.

The skunk may utter the inaudible discord of his race, nothing else is expected, it is his defense. But the man who by innuendo and aspersions casts his foul suspicions broadcast, sparing neither sex, what of him? He is more degraded than the skunk, he has no excuse, no defense—the beast is the better of the two.



We read that Solomon with all his wisdom forsook the religions of his fathers and became a follower of Ashtoreth, the goddess of the Zidonians and gave himself up to idolatry. It was through the overabundance of his wives and concubines that he was beguiled. If he, the greatest of wise men was allured and beguiled therefrom, may not weaker mortals turn from the paths their fathers trod and be followers of sects, fancies and the great god Whim?



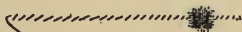
Help with palms turned upward,  
Lifting toward the sky,  
Give strength to the weak and wayward,  
Do not pass the despairing by.  
Lift from the Sahara of cruel life—  
The helpless from worry, toil and strife,  
And by your hand uplifted by you controlled,  
Hope may illumine some heart with friendship's  
pure gold.



Frugality is well enough, if one knows the antidote, for it becomes a disease as life advances. The oil of extravagance is the best lubricant for the cramped hands of the miser.



Help a man to maintain his moral worth before the world's injustice destroys him; misery is everywhere, help to alleviate it. Only the narrow and miserly live for themselves. Some one wrote, "Every man has in his heart a slumbering hog"—if born with the beast, feed him on haseesh all your life, and be true to your manhood and your kind. Time is responsible for ruins of the works of men. Let yours be the effort to undo time's work on men—and save from ruin some one sinking under adversity's stings.



How easy were peace and contentment found,  
 Even in the mart of wealth and in its golden glow,  
 If in the cruel haste amid the social whirl  
 We keep the vision clear for poorer friends.  
 If the senseless jests and half veiled sneers  
 Flung out with thoughtless recklessness,  
 'Gainst those who feel the world's destroying storms,  
 Were only low sweet words that might console,  
 Some weary heart, some over burdened soul,  
 Then life's great riddle might be plain to even one of  
 these.



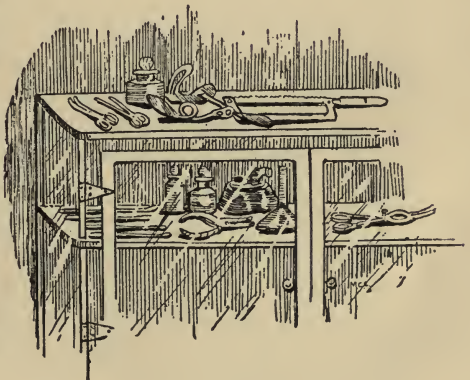
I am not one who fattens on strife, nor feasts on the mishaps of my enemies. I would rather train the tendrils of my morning glories and teach them the way they should go, than to train my neighbors, either in thought or action. I would rather gaze into the heavenly blue flower cups of my own moon flowers and gather the great bunches of wisteria and odorous daphne blooms, than busy myself about what is in the cups of my next door neighbor. I prefer breathing the air of God's great generous free out-of-door life, than trying to sample or comment on that within other people's doors. I would rather go through life moulting my own illusions even while growing new ones than pry into affairs that I consider belong to the great Judge of the quick and the dead.



The saving grace of humor in me, and my ability to steer around the uncertain characteristics of people, who show placid, pleasing and innocent surfaces, has helped me to avoid many snags in the current of life. I can see far enough below the outward seeming to detect the hidden qualities, the sham, the hypocrisy, and deceit that lie beneath, as well as the sterling truth and honesty in those who, like myself believe in honesty and stability. I do not like shams. I want silk, not near silk, all wool or linen, not near or mixed, in goods and in friends. An out and out friend or enemy I like, but mixed or uncertain qualities need to be treated with humor, otherwise life would simply be pathetic.



The sacrificial days are not over. Look at the deaths through ignorance and greed. Butchered to make a doctor's holiday ought to be put on the tombstone of about one-third of those who die following surgical operations.

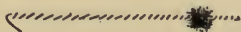




IN JAPAN the single petal of the chrysanthemum is placed in a wine cup and handed around as an assurance of long life and happiness. For me, I prefer to give my friends bits of fragrant mint with accessories. This is far more pleasing to them and as conducive to happiness and longevity as is the former custom.



Hope is a loan, one we should bestow freely, for from such loans the heart receives interest. Be not miserly give hope and its accessories.



Why should you, the successful man look with a covert sneer through the smoke of a cigar, upon the man who is down in the ditch, who has not had the foothold that you perhaps have had through inheritance or chance. You should remember that stern rugged manly souls have worked through all ages, and rose brave, beautiful and triumphant. At least he does not need you, the cynic. He is worth more in this world than a dozen of those who assume the air of—I am greater than thou, while he a part and parcel of God's great plan, is earning his living by the sweat of his brow and fulfilling the law.

There they waited with bulbous, strawberry looking beaks that spoke of high tides at the bar of beakers, that have assisted these devotees around the curves and along the short line to a shore where drinks are unknown.



Aluminum and lead will not alloy. They mix when heated, but separate when cool. Like many marriages they seem one when love is warm and bright, but when passion cools they find instead of being one, they are separate beings.



If a man is late, it does not help matters. nor is it likely to make him try to be punctual, if he is met by his wife with sighs like the exhaust of an engine. After business hours a man should not be expected to strike the keyhole to the minute—he is but human.



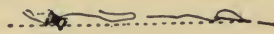
She was so happy with the mere man, that judging from limited observations, I thought she must have struck a bargain counter, or rummage sale when she found him. I am not posing as an image breaker, hence would not shatter her idol. Time would do that. She would find her will-power not equal to his wont-power soon enough.



I believe in the ancient doctrine, that the only gifts that have merit are those that are given without thoughts of reward.



The faithful and the afraid, stick to the narrow and to the common place paved with conventions. Variety is the wine of life, and Theosophy may be worth while after all. It is delightful to know such a number of entrancing things that are not so.

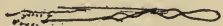


Every intellectual life means one that would be worth the perusal if it were written. The passions, that like the threads of lightning, illumine a dark sky, play hide and seek, come and go, brighten or darken our lives according to their intensity, their purity or falseness. Yet they control us as the tides in the sea. Sometimes we are at the mercy of our passions, for they surge up and envelope us despite our will or efforts. Then again we get control and are the masters of ourselves, or so we fancy. Ever and ever it is the same. The game of life, the secret power of personal passion is strong as are the tides, making mere playthings of us until they leave us spent and broken, useless hulks upon life's shore. Yet the poorest hulk has had strange inexplicable elements mingled and interwoven in its existence that has made it a miracle and a wonder.

Searching for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow may not result in finding gold, but what radiant glorious colors gleam along the searcher's way. Wealth does not always mean money.



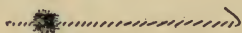
Small wonder that the seeker after truth and honesty flies to nature for comfort and stability—from the city streets, people and houses, where deceit, vanity, and flattery grow and flourish, as in a hot house atmosphere; where there are feasts of treason, and over-flow of bowl, when reputations suffer and innocents are slaughtered. Friendship! what horrors are committed in thy name.



Of all the objectionable people we meet in the world, the very worst are those who say, "I would not do as they do," "My way is this." They are entirely unconscious of the fact that their way would probably make the criticised person miserable. The "my way" and "do as I do" people are usually self-conscious, self-satisfied, unsufferable prigs, whose ways if followed would not tend to help humanity in its devious ways, to see with clearer vision its errors. It were far better to be charitable and lend a helping hand, or give a kindly word to those who may not know or understand the better way, rather than force them into "my way" of thinking and doing.



Doing good to him who needs it, is investing in a savings bank from which one always draws interest and that compounds according to the amount invested. Yet how very few men invest with this particular idea or material.



Some one who did not have the bump of latitude and longitude well developed said: "A woman is born with virtue, a man has to acquire it." What nonsense! Virtue and honesty are simply matters of education and locality; and faith cure is like latitude and longitude, it has no existence save in the minds of men.

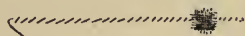


Civilization has done much for us in many ways, in other respects not. If the primeval man was exalted beyond his fellow men, it was because of strength, and the use of the neolithic ax and club. Now exaltation by the club means barred doors, passwords and grips, and those who are of the elect, build pedestals in imagination and are exalted above the dwellers in the open. Yet vice in him who wears a dress-suit with a double three degree button or star—that eats opium or takes absinthe, is vice and equally as bad as he who gets drunk in overalls.

Perverted morals are none the less perverted because of moving in an upper strata of social life.



Never miss a joy or possible pleasure in this world of trouble. Life is short and we cannot afford to put a bar across any path that may lead to happiness. Don't go about with broom and duster sweeping up or seeking disagreeable things. There will be enough without hunting.

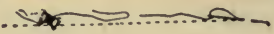


The *Femme du Monde* makes no secret of her calling or of her station in life. It is often the society woman, the woman in high places, in a refined upper strata of social life, that assumes the air of living and being guided by only the purest aims and emotions. The one is living her life by necessity, or has been led to it by wrong influences. The other amuses herself by subterfuge, playing with the, to her, enchanting but fascinating phases of passion, that is alluring though hidden under a guise of purity and estheticism, but which is none the less pure animalism.

She was wise beyond all doubt, ignorant when it was discreet to be so, and she found it a very good paying quality, when questioned about the foibles and frailties of her friends.



Yes, I know what it is to be surrounded by creeds and dogmas, know what the narrow enclosure and confines means. So I clipped a section of the barbed wires and let myself out in the open.

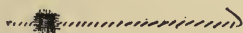


The Buddhists say that the aim of the ignorant is pleasure, the pursuit of the wise is happiness; but it seems to me the Hindu servant's creed strikes the solar-plexus of humanity in general about right: "Nothing to do, nothing to wear, and plenty to eat."



Many of us pine in the "imprisonment of the actual," while yearning with hungry souls for freedom, for unhedged spaces, where we might dwell and create a home according to our wishes and our tastes. Very few, if any of us, live the beautiful dream lives of our fancies and our hearts desires. We weary of the mischief of the envious, and the whisperer of evil thoughts, and suggestions, and we wish to be delivered from those who deserve to, and probably have—according to the Koran, reserved apartments in Al Hotama.

If literature is a matter of passion and art a secondary sexual manifestation, is it not our duty to encourage the best of each branch, and benefit ourselves by a wise selection?

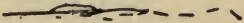


"You are part hyena always grinning, yet a very tiger in your passions and desires" she said. "And what are you, my censor?" he replied. "Composite" she answered "not one of the animals predominating in me." "I do not agree with you. I think you are principally cat."



There is too much stress, too much fear and worry given over to germs, etc. I try to forget it all in looking out over the great sparkling antiseptic ocean, and thank God that it, and the starry skies are as yet undisfigured with trade-marks of germ destroyers and every other conceivable thing that mar our world. Yet with all the new antiseptic ideas and fads some of us are so old fashioned that we are willing, when the times comes, to be placed in an old fashioned grave even if not antiseptic, and either go up or down to an unmarred heaven or hell, that was a good enough for our ancestors and which we hope will be restful; something to be desired, after dynamos, megaphones, phonographes and the locoed-automobile mad rush and roar of the world.

Nebuchadnezzar's malady was not bovanthrophy but melancholia. This is proven by the tendency to eat grass and other raw things, as is noted at the present time. In England recently a lunatic was found eating grass and this led to his recovery. Ye Gods! How many there are in the world who ought to be led to green pastures.



I love virtue and hate vice quite as reasonably as if I had transferred my reasoning powers to a church and allowed someone else to direct, or do my thinking for me. Sincere prayer is the same everywhere, and is answered one place as well as another. I am not shifting my conscience into another's care and thus shirking the responsibility.



The Japanese who reckon time as the least consideration in their work, differ greatly from Americans, who in their mad rush for supremacy and accumulations of wealth are followers of the great God Whim, and worshippers of the Golden Calf. How much better would we be if we took time to live, rejecting the twin divinities of booze and flesh, and all that pertains to riotous appetities, flagging sensuality and guzzling bestiality, and giving a little time to rest, to friendship, to purer lives, to love and above all—to home.





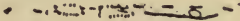
The mellowripening tints of Autumn and time may be good for chestnuts if not for stories that are

aged enough to have paresis. Pathological fun is well enough, but the good ichthyosaurus stories labelled "on tap", help to make one's face, if inclined to be courteous and laugh, look like an animated cob-web.

Laughter brushes its wings against the serious things of life and it is a good thing to laugh. There are funny spots of gray matter in the eternal make-up of every one. Even in animals and birds it is noticeable. The more we try to develop these spots and cause a shrinkage in the grouchy ones, the better for us all.



In the hurry, the rush of life, the desire to be first, to lead the procession, men seem to forget that their efforts hasten the day when they will be the first—in the funeral procession.

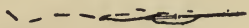


Does wearing one's collar buttoned at the back make all the difference between vice and virtue, or change the whole nature of the man? Yet his is the mission, the privilege to soften the pain and misery of the world and to help us bear the idea of death and of the unfathomed mystery of the other world.

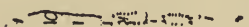


Society fawns and smiles on the man whose present and past, no matter how bad, are slurred over, forgotten, redeemed, by the value of his possessions and his worldly goods if abundant. But what of the women he has wronged? For them it is monstrous to think of redemption in this world and grave doubts concerning the next; I hear the mutterings, the whisperings, in social life, in circles and clubs, and listening, I hear them between times, speaking of charity which they practice with ostentation for the sake of their pet hobbies. Yet all the while an indistinct figure comes up before my mental vision, and I seem to see the King of Kings stooping and writing on the ground as he did when the accusers of the Magdalene shouted out against the woman.

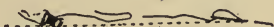
It is needful and is an evidence of wisdom to encourage folly now and then.



Thin, gaunt, worn by envy and complaining, heavily if gaily caparisoned, she was of no uncertain age. The tell-tale years or mile stones were too evident except in this, her tongue was as sharp and as supple as though she had lapped the waters of eternal youth.



Why should we worry other people with our cares, our housekeeping or our ailments? It is far better to keep our own dust for vacuum cleaners than to sprinkle other people with our dust or worries.



“For the thirsty of soul soon learn to know,  
The moistureless froth of social show.”

Hence there are women with souls who find life worth while in their endeavor to better themselves and their sex. Women who would rather drop than rend the veil called “charity,” knowing that if drawn aside might disclose to the world the faults and follies of their friends, who perchance have in moments of weakness burst asunder the bonds of conventionality and provincial rules.

There is something for those who have struggled to reach the social crest to ponder over: That cream is not exclusive because at the top. There is also foam and scum on the surface of things as well as on milk.



The car Juggernaut was supposed to be divinely ordained, but the priests alone were responsible for the sacrificial mania that caused the hordes to be ground under the wheels. They died for their faith. What of the priests who encouraged the deception?



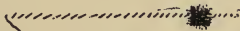
Her face seamed and wrinkled, showed that the sunshine had not been too familiar with it, but rather it had the look of being shut up in dark unwholesome rooms. It was shriveled and pale like an old potato that has lain for months in a damp cellar. She looked doleful enough to be used for a dummy in front of an undertaker's establishment. She was a human raincrow and gave one the impression that if it were not drizzling that clouds or fog would soon appear. There was nothing cheery or hopeful about her appearance. In fact, there were no bright days for her; she never saw the sun except through smoked glasses. Yet she felt "called" to visit the sick and sorrowing, entirely unconscious of the fact that she was a misfit, and that afflicted humanity did not need her doleful presence.



When a man gets home late for dinner and no appetite, his wife starts wondering what he gave the other woman for luncheon.

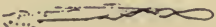


I am a socialist by nature, but not in my politics. I do not want to have my bed, tooth and hair brushes, and a lot of extras I am fond of, especially my husband, owned in common, as is taught by the odd fifty varieties of socialists.



Dirt is dirt anywhere and glossed over with ping pang, or other essences sprinkled on to disguise the odors of stale humanity are nauseating, and do not make scented humanity any more alluring to the average person. The sweet, clean, wholesome smell of a well nourished and well bathed body needs no aid of an artificial nature, and most especially from those perfumes, having for a basis—and most of them have it—musk, the vilest of all vile odors.

Snowballs are all right no matter how you handle them, but there are other kinds labeled "high" that it is well to be economical in buying. After six of them you will not know whether your pockets were picked by yourself or by the other fellow.



I try to make my life pleasant and useful, too, by cultivating the garden or the soil of my own soul. I nourish and cherish all the beautiful things I can think of, the places I have seen, the exquisite objects in art and in nature, and the good that is in my friends. I try not to think of failures, also to have no hates, no whims, no prejudices. It seems a sure sign of poverty of intellect to always be interested in other people's business.



She was a Buddhist by inclination. Buddhism the offspring of Brahmanism, and the first religion which had the ambition to embrace all men, appealed strongly to her. Her inclinations were good but she hadn't the attraction that makes men want to enlist and obey the order "to arms." She looked like she had been left high and dry through a season of drought, she was so shriveled, like an ear of corn, she had the frame but had not filled out.



Be kind, be gracious to all, use no needless economy in loving. Love is a spring that never runs dry. It is always equal to the demands made upon it.



Excavations in Babylon have disclosed skeletons of men that have 13 ribs, thus confirming the Bible story that Eve was created out of Adam's extra rib. Modern man has but 12 ribs as had the skeletons of earliest times, until the recently discovered odd 13 found. Man therefore was not perfect, not symmetrical until woman was made.



What does a man care about purity? He expects it in his own wife of course, because she is his own property, and he believes in property rights. But more often than otherwise he devotes his life after marriage, if not previous—to the pleasure or duty, as some seem to make it appear—to investigate the virtue of as many girls as possible. If they were in earnest regarding investigations, if it were for the betterment of humanity, all would be well. But I have noticed, it is the man with money and one seldom beyond the middle age that is anxious about the welfare of beautiful and innocent young girls. On that awful day when the secrets of each heart shall be revealed, how astounding will be some revelations.



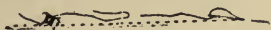


She was like Tennyson's brook running on forever, only she went without jolt or jar, with a supple tongue that never flagged or fumbled in commenting on her neighbors faults and foibles, keenly analyzing pin cushions, their architecture and construction, the status of doormats and other equally important furnishings of the houses of her friends; finding flaws in everything. There was absolutely nothing that met her unqualified approval. Her home meant a place to eat and sleep, but the homes of her neighbors meant places to criticise. In this she was constant, in her inconsistency. Like the mole she preferred the gloom of the earth, burrowed in the darkness of fault finding, rather than the cheerful sunny ways, that sees without seeing, and commented on that which should be sacred to us—our neighbors' belongings, their manners and their mode of living.

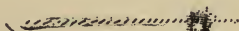
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I am not eager for the heights or to be exalted above others. I do not want to be lonely; I would rather nestle down in some quiet level with love and companionship and be at peace.

I am not here in the world to try to reconstruct fools, I did not create. I will not try to undo the work of the Master, or of chance. They are a bore but are useful by contrast.



The player of risque roles may be a vestal virgin off the stage. But in order to play a part well one must feel the emotions portrayed, and if one is thoroughly imbued with a subject or a thought it becomes a part of one's self in the end.



I listen and hear them, the yellow breasted larks filling the air with their throaty joy-music, telling me that life is for love and sweetness and not for envy, malice, sin and care. Happiness is worth all, and it is better to be steeped in the glory of it than to seek the gloom and shadows that brood over wrong and evil thoughts and actions.



A woman there was, who being unsatisfied with Nature's work, selected with care some extra teeth for adornment. One that seemed fairer than the rest, was given a conspicuous place. Alas, it proved to be a serpent's tooth, and henceforth the Founder or selector, knew only the ways of the serpent; falsehood took the place of truth. Honesty, frankness and true friendship were to her as things that are not.



And oh, the pity of it! The heart-hurts and stings, that come when one gives warm hands and heart, filled with love and trust, to meet frapped fingers and hearts in return. But the morning glories lift up their loving faces and give their velvet lips to the warmth of the glowing sun, to the baptism of love and sweetness. Shall we not be like these, forgetful of the stings of arrows that envy sends, and be untouched by unsealed mouths and the slime of hissing tongues.



Strange that a man with a past written all over his face in unmistakable lines, is always searching for some other woman, than those who helped him willingly or otherwise, to make his past. Is it because he does not want a reminder of his follies? Or is it rather because he hopes to leaven his sullied soul with the purity and innocence of his bride's unstained body and mind? It is well indeed for him, but what of her?—iron rusts and soot blackens.



The goddess of discord was in evidence at her birth she was such a bundle of contrarities. Her doleful presence turned my morning of joy into first and deepest mourning at once, pared my good humor down to the quick and left me in a whirlwind of uncertainty as to what would happen in a minute or two, when she attempted to outline my life and desired it to be patterned after hers. She had large and generous ideas on the subject of her own infallibility, but none on the fallibility of others. Suddenly light dawned upon my lamentations and turned them into songs of Solomon. "Go into the fields," I said, "study nature and—corn. When you find an ear of corn with an odd row come to me, and I will consider your way, even though it be a milky way of moth balls and a path unknown to ease. But by that time you will learn that nature herself is fallible and makes mistakes. I am a child of nature and grow strong on the mistakes and uncertainties of life which make it all the more alluring to me." I am still singing.—She has not returned.



The good old times, indeed! Abraham would not be recognized in society, bad as some pilots would have us believe it to be, if he lived now and treated Sarah as he did the time when the "begats" were budding.

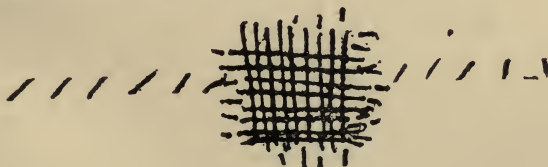




Try always to give cheerfulness the precedent. Give to the morning a pleasant countenance, irradiate your home with a bright smile and as the sun lights up the sleeping earth, you will find that you, and those within your home, will respond to the cheering effect of a smile.



It is the unsheltered woman who deserves the tenderness, the love and protection of mankind; she who battles against odds, who is always against the tide, who must buffet not only the winds of adversity but the strong tide of human passions. She with her almost weird intuition goes out in the world and wins her way by wit and wisdom and with a brain that has a knowledge of human valuation, by audacity and daring keeps her soul from the seductions of evil. None the less evil because it may be veneered by education and convention.







Plutarch was not enthusiastic over, or in favor of fishing, and tell us that it is base, having neither wit nor perspicacity. I agree with him in this respect, that the act of fishing may be enjoyed without a display of wit, and is one wherein wit does not concern the fish at all; whether the angler is witty or grouchy is of small moment. The bait on the hook requires a great deal of perspicacity in its selection and arrangement; but when the bait fails to bring the slightest nibble, when the wittiest angler waits for hours with never a twitch of the line, there are times in the lives of men when a great deal of perspicussity has been used.

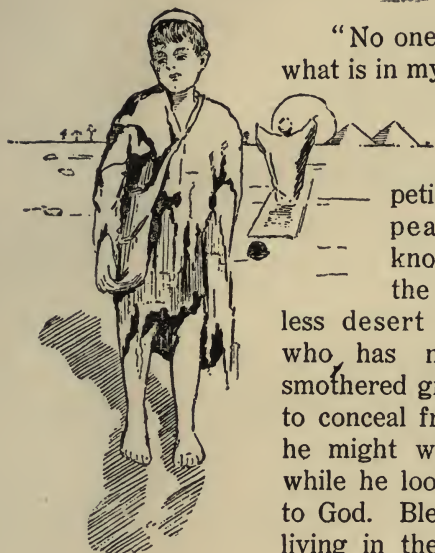
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Ye vacillating, changing beings, go to nature for lessons; what volumes she can unfold on steadfastness, strength and punctuality—what an example of fidelity may be learned from that wonderful geyser “Old Faithful” in Yellowstone park, that sends glittering, sparkling showers of water skyward every sixty minutes through day time and night time, ever and ever, with unchanging regularity.

"No one but God and I know what is in my heart," was the song or chant of a boy, I heard in the desert.

A song, a prayer, a petition, or mayhap a pean of joy—who knows? Living close to the sands, the vast, endless desert to the Arab youth, who, has nothing to hide, no smothered griefs, joys or sorrows to conceal from a curious world, he might well chant the words while he looks up to the sky and to God. Blessed human nomad! living in the bright light of the sun, and reposing in the yellow

gleaming moonlight shining on tawny sands: the nomad whom some of us pity and without cause. His inheritance is the sands, the vast solemnity of the desert, the sky and God, to whom he speaks in confidence—"only God and I know"—companionship, love and trust. He is an outcast, a wanderer, yet one to be envied, not pitied.





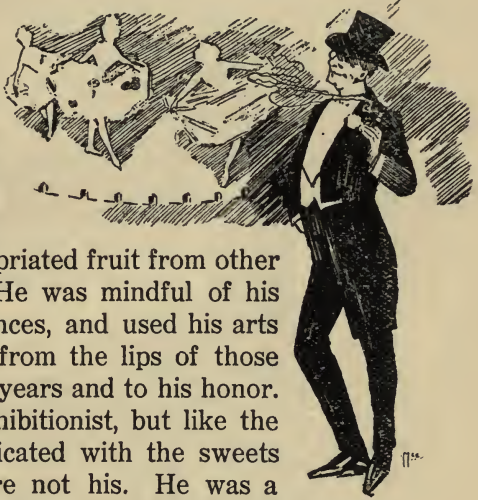
I am idle enough to become a follower of Buddha, and find it easy to return thanks and prayer by the use of praying machines. Prayer-mills turned by hand, wind-mills throwing out orisons with the water blessing the earth and suppliant alike, are surely as well as reading from a printed formula.

Fiction: The average report of the beatific times of the summer vacation.

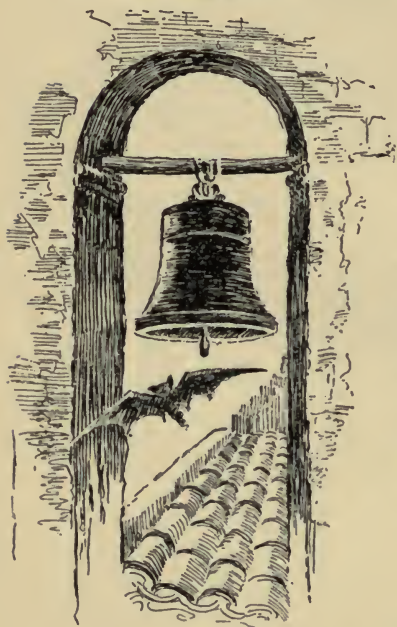
Folly: Striving for and wanting the things we know we cannot have.

It is rather curious that women have been among the most masterful rulers of this great world of ours. One has but to think of the East and back to Semiramis. Theodora, however, did not rule alone, but shared the honors with the wisest of Byzantium emperors. Catherine, the great, and Elizabeth of England were a few of the brilliant illustrations. And it is worthy of notice that these women were not of the upper strata, but 'strange as it may seem, rose from the lowest grades, from the hardest of lives, to supremacy and power.

He, the old drone, was not over-conscientious about ownership, and in the years of not-wasted opportunities, had appropriated fruit from other men's orchards. He was mindful of his fast departing chances, and used his arts to abstract honey from the lips of those who trusted to his years and to his honor. He was not a prohibitionist, but like the bee, became intoxicated with the sweets from lips that were not his. He was a "bacchanalian rathskeller" and was self-hypnotic, growing dizzy on his imagined conquests. He thought very little about the law or of the time when the voice breathed over Eden, "Thou shalt not." He, the old derelict, was too busy recounting his real or fancied experiences to listen to inaudible voices. There was enough Adam in him to appropriate any forbidden fruit without coercion or instigation, as he droned his useless way through the mornings, the flowers, and—Eves of life.



Vacation Fancies: Imagining we are having the time of our lives, trying to impress it upon our friends when we know better.



Science says that the bat in his wings conceals the five fingers of the human hand, and that man has his hands developed from the bat's wing, etc. Is it the protoplasmic blood—the return to the primitive—the paleozoic times that makes men love to go on bats and enjoy most of all, their nocturnal adventures.

Might it not be well to try to live in this world and enjoy what we can without question, filling each day, to finish the moment, to find the journey's end in every step of the daily path, to live the greatest number of good hours that need no repentance, means happiness and is wisdom. Knowing also that what ever makes other's unhappy is wrong and what we do to make our friends or the world happier is right. For they achieve most in this world who love most. There is nothing more, nothing beyond that.



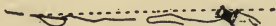
LONGINGS.



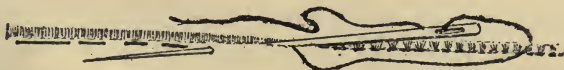




WHEN I am dead I do not want moans and cries that last for the moment, then all too soon forgotten. But let the trees I have loved wave over me with the bird notes amid the leaves and a flower or two spring from the soil—that will be enough.



I feel at times as I did in my first experience on one of those movable stairways, where one steps on a sort of incline and is lifted or rolled up to the next floor, wondering when the top is reached how one would step off. At the top a helping hand was there to steady me as I slid off easily and safely. Just so we are slipping along in this dear world of ours and some time, when or how we know not, the ultimate verge will be reached, and we will slide off into the great unknown region, hoping and trusting that the Father's hand will reach us and hold us forever more.



And again I heard or dreamed "The soul of music is to have grieved." If so, surely my life, my soul, should be one grand, sweet song. Too well I know the day when the rosy, blushing dawn was full of hope, happiness and love. The sunset that died in gloom was the death of hope and left me to wonder and try to forget. I've loitered where the Nile murmurs of the false and forgotten gods. I have seen the stars flame above the Place of the Tombs, where in the silence of ages rest the forgotten ashes of those who knew Him, have walked the via crucis and stood in the quiet of the mystic old garden where Christ suffered the agony of betrayal. Yet I could not forget the injustice of a hard and cruel fate. It has been said that a robin plucked a thorn from Christ's temple while he toiled toward Calvary, and a drop of blood falling on the robin's breast turned it red. If the thorn of memory could only be plucked from my weary senses and buried with no possible resurrection, then might I rest and forget.



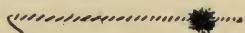
When we have passed through the grand entrance of eternity, where the sins of the false and untrue cannot enter, and on our rapt vision gleams the glistening garniture of God's realm, when we have escaped from the iron gyves that bound and crushed us to earth, when we are beyond the uttermost verge, and the soul is blessed by the effulgence of eternal love, and the blazing glory of realized Hope, then, indeed will we know the meaning of Infinite Mercy.

I believe in kindness, in cheerfulness, in good food and the gospel of generosity. I believe in liberty of thought, action and love. Now I am nearing the shore where strife is unknown and the troubled waves of life die away. I want only happiness, love and affection. Hearts of dust cannot ache, no hurt can reach them. The dead do not feel, do not suffer.



I seem in some way to realize the effect moonlight has upon animals as well as on ourselves, for when I see the moon rising, a full glorious orb, it seems to set my mouth quivering, like the jaws of the chained dog. I always have an infinite pity for the brute. I seem to feel something of his condition. Chained, bound by circumstances, I have never been able to enjoy the things I most cared for. Perhaps it is the beast in me, or the human in the dog. I care not which it is, I know he feels his chain, for I know how I have often felt. I would have given anything to get away, out of the crowds, away from my friends, well as I love them, and go out and away to strange isolated places where in the moonlight I might howl—only I should have yelped for joy. And yet the dog's howl doesn't seem to be one of thankfulness.

She has time enough now to mourn her lost opportunities. Earlier, she had lost much because she feared the consequences. Now her constant thought is that there are to be no more chances for her. Opportunity once slighted forgets to return.



The unsolvable question, the why, comes into one's soul, when we think that the religions of this world are all a-tangle; and who shall say which one is right or which one is wrong. Blood from beasts was offered in biblical times, the pagans slew and offered up human beings to appease their gods. Always blood, and the sacrifice of life to appease a kind and just God! And we now—if orthodox, must partake of the sacramental wine—take and drink it as representative of the blood of Christ. Oh, the absurdity of it, a God of love to be bought in a revolting manner. The eternal why, comes surging into my mind in the vain endeavor to solve the question, to arrive at some tangible conclusion. But ever and forever there is the same circle of reasoning, nothing definite or certain to cling to, only the spirit's pitiful yearning and hoping for something it might know and hold beyond all doubt—the surety of future peace and happiness.



In spirit I am fleeing with Cho Cho San, who went with her baby "Trouble" from the desolate house on Higashi Hill, where she was to have had a honeymoon of 999 years. Dear God, how many of us would flee with our burden of trouble if we could; who have unwritten heart histories that, like hers, might touch the soul of the great, busy world if they were known!

Once I dreamed—or did I hear a voice whisper? If I could only bury my sorrows, as we bury our dead, where we can go for an hour now and then, and scatter a few flowers with tenderest thoughts, pausing a moment to remember, and to love in the hurry of life. The hurt, the pain, that comes when the grave is closed over the lost, is softened and healed by time; but my grief is a living thing ever present—taunting, sneering, daring me to forget whether waking or sleeping. For in my sleep the weight and oppression of the burden I must bear is ever with me.



I said in my soul, I am weary of seeing  
The walls of my room and the dun colored  
ceiling.

Within me a force is pleading, urging, entreat-  
ing.

Like the sap in the trees my pulse is rioting,  
beating.

My heart crieth out for the fields and the  
grasses,

For skyland and cloudland and wind-swept  
passes.

I yearn for the wilds, the uplands and hills;  
For the fragrance of flowers, and bird note  
that thrills,

For a heaven-sent hour of comfort and rest,  
Of peace without telling, on mother earth's  
breast.



I am sending thoughts and unspoken mes-  
sages to you across the big hills and the far-  
reaching plains, while listening to music that  
has a bit of pathos, a touch of sweetness and  
tears also in it; music, that tangles my heart  
strings in its chords and makes the eyes sting  
with unbidden tears, shaking off for the mo-  
ment the follies, the fashions, and worn-out  
faith of men, and reveling in a clearer vision—  
childhood's vision—and faith in God again.

I want an open-air religion, such a one as Jesus founded, not one of Tabernacles and Temples. Such a one as would inspire something of a feeling as do those two, the greatest ever written in the open air—the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. The world in Christ's time did not need any more of a portable religion than it does now. Like Paul in Damascus, the scales have fallen from my eyes and I see, as I never saw before, the sordidness and selfishness of the people of the churches.

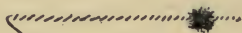


There are hours that come to me, that are dear in the returning; hours when I nestled in the cushions of a caique and skimmed the waters of the Golden Horn, and breathed blessings upon the Mohammedan who long ago rejected the clanging, jarring bells. I glided over the quiet waters and listened to the Immaum from the towers of the mosques calling out "God is good," "Prayer is better than sleep," that came faintly, but was sweeter than the sound of bells. So I heard them in Constantinople, in Spain, in Syria, in Palestine and in Egypt. The call ever the same, to which 180,000,000 beings respond, and lift their hearts in prayer to heaven.

May the sunshine of prosperity and the moonbeams of peace ever light thy tranquil way.



Keep not your kisses, your flowers and your words of love and kindness for me until I am dead. I will not care then, or need them but—I do now.

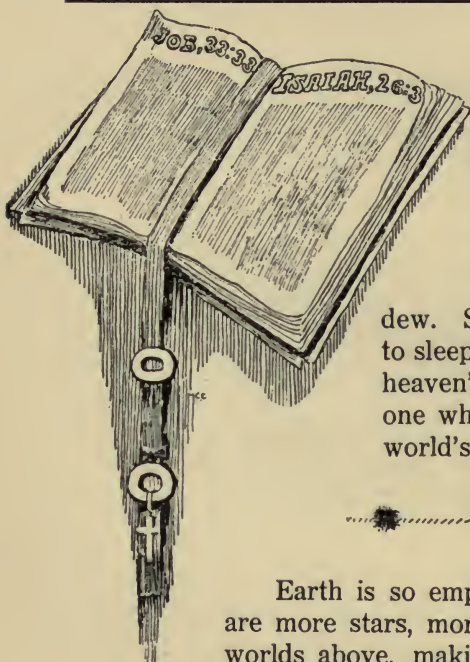


The gyves and fetters of conventionality cannot entirely repress the old feeling of unrest that is our heritage. A strain in the blood, a quickening of dormant faculties, that in some of us may have slept for generations, awake and the restlessness of dust-blown ancestors comes from the centuries gone by. There comes a sudden call, a yearning for the freedom of an untrammelled life, a life of wandering, of days in the wild woods, and nights spent in the open under the moon and stars. We feel the thrill in our veins and find our ears listening for voices or sounds that seem to come confused but fraught with unformulated melody, yet in some mysterious way calling for us to come. The call of the uncivilized to be up and away from the world of work and worry; that is our heritage.

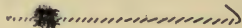


I do not want to spend my life in a passionate devotion to an ideal, a memory, if I know beyond all doubt it is not worthy. Yet I only, of all the world, know there is a monument hidden away, and a space thereon where I may be able some day to write resignation—but not yet, not yet.





Pour the "wine of wisdom" into my thirsty soul and give me words of peace and cheer that will fall softly like the evening dew. So I may be lulled to sleep and forgetfulness; heaven's best sent boon to one who suffers from the world's injustice.



Earth is so empty now; but there are more stars, more soul places and worlds above, making heaven nearer and dearer to me.



The music of falling waters, of wind among the pines and of all the myriad sounds of bird and animal life, mixed and interwoven in unimaginable sadness and longing, grips the heart and hurts like the holding out of ones empty arms for an absent loved one in the hopeless distance.

REFLECTIONS

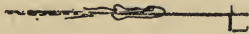




"I am growing old," she said quietly; "the thought forces itself upon me often, when the twilight comes calm and solemn across the mesas, after the brightness of day. I have passed the time when the future held hopes, and am living in the past, in dreams of what has been. But while I wait in the calm of life's sunset, I see it more glorious, bigger and brighter through the vapors of earth thoughts and sweeter in the setting. I shall not fret or repine—I have at least lived!"



The old warcry in the misty beginnings that fired the hearts of the war-like men "*pro aris et focis*"—for the altars and the hearths—must now be changed; for our altars and our hearths, too, will soon be myths; in this age of electricity, caloric inventions, and worship as we wheel or fly through this life of ours.



Life—what is it but this, the glad laughter and chatter of irresponsible youth and the mumblings of the old who talk and write of the past, of its delights, its sweetness, its vanished youth and summer time; of life, with hand and tongue trembling with age and infirmity?

What is life but a game of cross-purposes, where we wander with blinders fate places upon our eyes? If we are not able to remove them or see the web that crosses and trips us in our efforts to progress, faltering humanity should not be blamed overmuch.

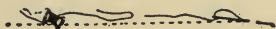


Do not ask me to solve problems—I was never over bright at mathematics; you may solve examples by the rule of three or compute logarithms by subtraction. I do not worry over addition or subtraction, nor  $X$ , that represents an unknown quantity. I am not moaning or worrying over the impossible, or the unknown quantities. I only know that I used to look up to the great, fleecy clouds, and stand on tip toe trying to reach them. It took me some years to learn that I could not grasp or solve them. I did not know they melted away. I thought God drew them up through the blue and wrapped them around His throne. I haven't been able in the years that brought the bare, bald facts of knowledge and wisdom, to quite forget. Rather I wish the problem had never been solved. I prefer my childish beliefs, for sometimes wisdom means a world of pain and disappointment.



Tasmania, the land of lots of time — ship me there, where there is time and to spare for all the dear delights of life, for the joys of true friendship and love. There would be little tastes of heaven as we went along, whether the paths were straight or crooked.

Straight paths are all right, but it seems success comes quicker to those who find the curves in our land. In Tassie-land it would not matter, there would be time for all.



She was of uncertain age, this decayed virgin, this Venus of the cemetery. She was a perfect tangle of oddities. Luck made all the difference between vice and virtue with her. She had never known true passion, the true poetry of the heart. She had never looked upon the face of temptation, nor known the joy of yielding. She, like the Prophet on the Mount, had always been upon the mount, with the garden of love at her feet, yet without opportunity to enter it.

There is never a pitfall in the path of duty; but, heaven help me, how steep is the path and how great is my burden!

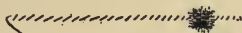


I see the beauty of the flowers and of the sea shells and enjoy them without being troubled about the syllabled botanical or conchological names. They are like the clairvoyant phenomena, the aura of saints and sinners, and this astral plane, the unguessed, the illusive, that interest us in the Karma. There is a weird fascination in reincarnation; but is it worth while?



Few of us hew paths along life's journey that are not obliterated as soon as our days are ended, for in the effort each one makes in clearing his own way there is little time left for helping others or broadening the trail as we proceed. If we cared less for self and more for our kind, as the years go by, we would find the path broader for the stepping aside and larger with happiness and contentment. The efforts might seem futile to us, but some one would remember with a heart full of love and kindness, and perchance follow on in the path we blazed.

My fair, sweet kingdom of love is threatened and I am haunted by fear that I shall never rule in peace, in happiness. For I know that while I have enough of the world's good things—what it calls good—I am paupered with those my heart desires.



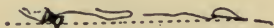
Music—is it hitting ivory keys or pulling a few strands of horsehair across the taut intestines of a quadruped? Whatever the means, we know that music, however grand or simple, is full of fugitive, forgotten things, that seem to be echoes from a vague and uncertain past, a past of which no memory remains, but comes from instinct or reflex action—the earliest form of memory.



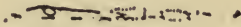
John, on the bleak island of Patmos, hungry and thirsty, said: "They shall hunger no more and also they shall thirst no more." Blessed assurance! In the white light of the throne and the splendor surrounding it, that is indeed as a "sea of glass mingled with fire"—in the opal-tinted atmosphere of peace and of love. You, my loved ones, have indeed passed into eternal joy, where hunger, thirst, heart-aches and loneliness can never hurt.



And though youth is past, she mused, the attendant dreams and follies are as dear to me as they were before tens were doubled and twenty was written twice over. Love has come very late in life with me, but, like heaven, is worth all else and is more than all of life to me.



The loss of illusions is death to our souls, therefore keep your illusions—and help others to retain theirs; let them feel the sweet illusions of love, of friendship, kindly regard, and hope with its shining, glittering wings. Keep these ever in sight for yourself and for others, if in your power, and in the end you may render unto God a soul still full of illusions.



The microbe of light, the glow of the fire-fly, is caused by a germ, so scientists say; but God gave another light, microbe or germ, as you please. The love-light seen in the eyes, the unquenchable light in their depths, that can only be kindled by love, that only love can see and understand, proves it the gift of God. And that spark or germ raises humanity itself above all other created things.

# MEMORIES





## A DERELICT

An old man stepped gingerly along, carrying his cane much as if he were carrying a gun. He was old, stooped, and the sun of many dry California summers had shriveled his frame and warped his face until the skin lay in folds over the eyes and on his cheeks. The rhythm of steps came to his dull ears, scarcely noticed, until the sharp cry, "Present arms!" rang out clear and distinct.

Instantly his shoulders straightened and his chin raised, and the cane came to position. Forgotten were the surroundings, his age and condition. Again he was upon the Rappahannock and he was in the ranks, rushing on to victory, his face transfigured. I never saw a song personified until then. "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" was written all over his face. The music ceased and the boys went marching on, and then silence, and he was left, he and his dead past. A low, tremulous sigh—something more, almost a moan—came as he sank gently to the ground; and he went to "present arms" to the great

white throne, and the "glory, glory, hallelujah!" had scarcely ceased before he heard the echo in his Master's house, wherein wars and strife do not enter.



## PALESTINE

My pillows were not of down, but they were stuffed with dreams. Beautiful and entrancing dreams and visions were mine, for in them I am wandering. Once again I am viewing the plains of Esdraelon, and I see the vivid red anemones, suggestive of the battle when the blood splashes were bright, even as are the flowers amid the green grasses. Again I visit the Valley of Ajalon, where astronomy halted and the night delayed to come, and I see a glory that is almost supernatural in its radiance, with the sun breaking through misted clouds and a rainbow spanning a third part of the heavens and that radiant bridge, a gleaming, gorgeous curve of beauty, peace and harmony, was arched above a peaceful world. Gone were the sounds of battle and warring hosts, forgotten were the strife of warlike kings; but on this beautiful arch it seemed as if the worn and weary might enter into peace and life for evermore.

## MEMORIES OF JERUSALEM

Bethlehem, Bethany and Jericho, what memories crowd the brain! But dearer than all are the recollections of the Holy City, Jerusalem, older than Athens, Thebes, or Rome. Her streets, her temples, once were the joy of the whole world! At her portals the army of Crusaders wept, thinking themselves not worthy to see her glory. Dear in her desolation even now, are the stone houses, Saracenic in style, destitute of comfort, no windows, no gardens, and many of the narrow streets are without drainage. There are no lamps, no sidewalks or comforts of other cities. And where the sweet gliding Kedron once rippled along is now a dry ravine filled with stones. Much of the city of the Bible is covered with filth, and the accumulation of the dirt of ages. Yet one that has seen, no matter how far he may have wandered, can ever forget the city of David. What painfully sweet memories come to me, the dim light on Calvary, Olivet, Gethsemane! A life may be lived here in a day, for more can be seen and crowded into one's mind than in numberless years spent elsewhere.

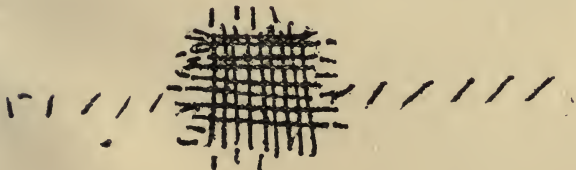
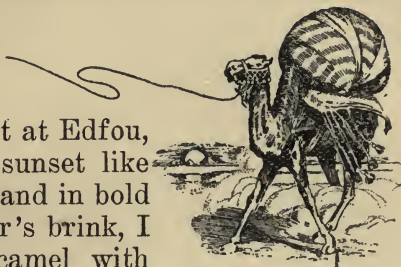


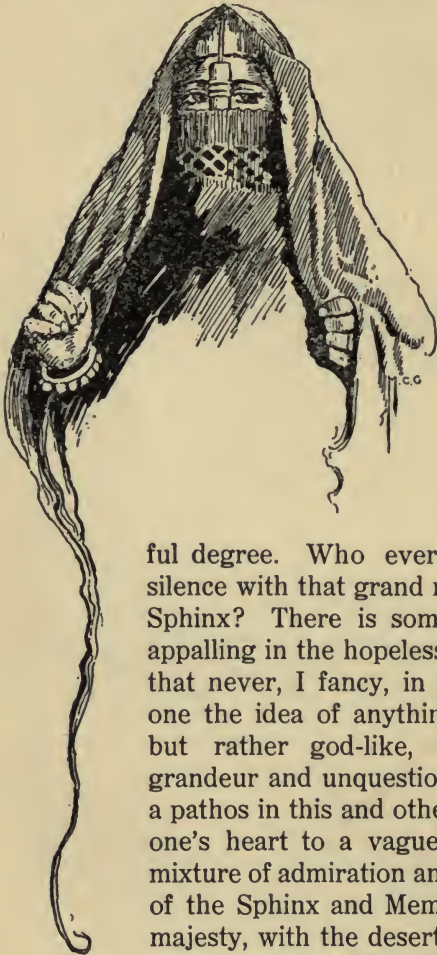
In fancy, I am again in the land of the fellaheen, of red fezzes and white turbans, amid the Oriental splendor of the land of Rameses, of Caesar and Cleopatra — from the unrest of civilization to the haunts of the Bedouins. A breath of overpowering sweetness comes to me from the Esbekiyeh gardens in



Cairo. I see the sunset from the citadel, and see, too, the violet shadows creep over the yellow Libyan sands and brood over the desert of the Pyramids, of the Rameses and the Nile. Again I watch in reverent mind the faithful at prayers, with forehead touching the earth, so earnest in their petitions they seem to touch the garment of faith. "Allah-il-Allah!" What are our half-hearted, half-ashamed attempts at prayer to these who humble themselves to the earth, even as if they were a part of God's footstool? They seem proud of their belief and confident in their right to call upon Allah as their very own.

In the twilight at Edfou, with the sky at sunset like burnished metal, and in bold relief on the river's brink, I saw a solitary camel with foot doubled back and a strap slipped over the knee in the merciless way they have of hobbling them. The camel moaned and with lifted head its eyes looked over the distant sands. In its moan was a world of grief and impotent rage that expressed helplessness and revolt at its slavery and bondage. Near the beast, a gaunt figure in a long, black robe stood silent and motionless, yet sharply defined in the yellow afterglow. There was something in the scene, in the attitude of man and beast, in the silent, slow-moving Nile, in the mystery of the place, the desolate temples, that filled me with a sadness that oppressed and hurt.





How memories return of Egypt and the Nile, of Arabs and Persians! The fascination of the turban and the charm of the *rouband* veil, the mystery of the chaddar-cloak, of the Orient are as alluring and as interesting as are the temples and statues, the statues that express the idea of silence in a wonder-

ful degree. Who ever associated aught but silence with that grand recumbent figure of the Sphinx? There is something solemn, almost appalling in the hopeless silence, in the attitude that never, I fancy, in its first newness, gave one the idea of anything savoring of human, but rather god-like, representing strength, grandeur and unquestionable power. There is a pathos in this and other monuments that stirs one's heart to a vague, indefinable feeling, a mixture of admiration and pity for the loneliness of the Sphinx and Memnon sitting in desolate majesty, with the desert silent and awful about and around them.

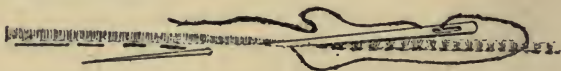
## AN ITALIAN SUNSET

The peasants among the vineyards were singing tender love songs as they toiled; there were shrines of the Madonna in villages upon the hillsides above the Roman Campagna; and vine-entangled towers, radiant in the setting sun, showed here and there. A drowsy hum of falling waters, a hum of insects, and the soft twittering of birds were mixed and intermingled with deeper tones from far-away bells. Confused, rumbling, inexplicable sounds, like the strains from the music of chaos, reached me as I sat, on an opal-tinted afternoon, on the heights above Tivoli, and looked down upon the gnarled old olive trees. As in a dream I saw the places where Cassius and Brutus once lived, and further down a flock of doves encircled the place where Palmyra's queen, Zenobia, dwelt. No voice comes from the Sybil's Temple, no prophecies as of old tell of the past or what the future may have in store. A mystic, pathetic charm, restful and soothing as it is enthralling, takes possession of me as I gaze down on these remnants of ages gone by, shrouded in gray, the color of antiquity, a gray we love in nature, mixed with green, the color of hope—death in life, life in death. The sun has gone, the night is chill, there is only an etching framed in blue-gray hills.



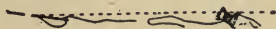
The sacred viol of my wrath was tuned up when the jarring discords began that drove away all the faint, sweet, entrancing sounds of the night. But when I knew, there was no wrath, only a

great pity in my heart as I saw his trembling hand guide the bow over the strings of the old violin and knew that the fearful sounds that made me hate the groaning, moaning thing were heavenly to him. The faded blue eyes lit up, the old, time-warped creature playing for a few soldi, forgot for the moment the bread and wine he needed, and he was transformed, etherealized by his efforts. A glass or two of wine, the wine of his youth and manhood, which I gladly gave, seemed to put new sap into his trembling limbs. I forgot the discords in my pity; for I knew he was near the border where discords and jarring notes will not intrude.



## ARIZONA

The lambent summer lightning on the western horizon flashed fitfully across the riven ribbons of clouds illuminating the dark threads through which the evening stars were peeping; nearer were ochre-tinted foothills, and from these stretched the desert of alkali, glistening like fields of frozen sleet; while the horizon swam and quivered in weird desolation beyond me. Beautiful will-o'-the-wisp scenes, mirage effects, with phantom-like semblance of lakes and rivers, were alluring, enticing, beckoning the inexperienced to its desolate, wind-swept places, where the whirling, circling sand devils choke and blind those who dare enter their domain; where they hold sway, covering and uncovering, in fiendish glee, the graves of the earth-worn and weary, who followed the illusive atmospheric influences, the miracles of climatic glory that danced before them and over the barren mesas encantadas, until they who sleep here found heaven's sweetest boon,—rest.



“Beatisima hora.” It seems as if a brook had been rippling at my side all through the enchanted day and the god Pan or some mythical body had filled all the reeds with music.





HERE is only an empty nest; last year's birds have builded elsewhere. So love is wayward, something new and interesting is desirable and forgetting is so easy. I cannot tell you of the sweetest remembrances of my life wherein there is no forgetting. I am enjoying the sham, the show, the parade of life as best I can. But I know too well how different all might be.



Some old things are precious and I keep them locked away from all the world of burglarious friends who would be keen for the struggle to find them did they know where the quarry was hidden. The accumulated emotions, experiences, ideals and idols, I have. The ideals, the illusions, I would keep; the false and untrue have served their time. But the columbaria of memory must keep and hold its own. There is no forgetting!



Let's drink to fun and wit and laughter,  
To fair days and dark days,  
And to all that come after.

May your eyes be bright  
And your heart keep young,  
And the fountain of youth  
Be lapped by each tongue,  
With never a care and never a sorrow  
To dim the brightness of each tomorrow.



Midnight mass in St. John in Latern Rome, where in the pain of solitude, asphyxiation of the heart, torture of loneliness unrelieved save by the moons of remembrance, I thought of you, and told my beads, the beads of love and memory.

# MEDITATIONS





So will I drift on and on, quietly, maybe, like the lilies; see how they rest and sleep when the day is done. The mists fall like a gray veil closer, nearer, and silence, the silence of the great hereafter, rests upon the wearied senses. The river is nearing the sea, the lilies sway gently, the leaves drift, and I, too, go on and on, it may be, I trust and hope, into God's own peaceful harbor.

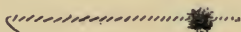
I dip my pen in the inkwell of truth, and fain would write all my heart wishes, yet fear to pall on your time and patience. Yet wherefore should one have friends unless it be that time is not counted, and patience cultivated? Friendship costs more than anything else in this world of ours, and yet it is worth it! A seed from its full pod was wafted down and found lodgment in my heart, and there has been no more of hunger, no more of loneliness; for from the tiny seed a wondrous plant has grown that knows no change no wavering, that will never be displaced while life shall last.



I deal with my life, my soul, as best I may, for I know not what fate or destiny awaits me around the turn of the path.



What a kind and sympathetic nurse nature is! She gives us the best in her store house, sympathizes with us in our turbulent moods, soothes and pets us in her magnetic way, and croons us to sleep in the quiet evenings with the wind harp's lullabies.



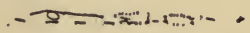
“Teach me half the gladness thy soul must know,” was Shelley's prayer to the lark, and I echo the prayer while I listen to the bird notes thrilling and exultant, knowing also that it is not hard to sing in the glad light of the early morning or when the heart is young. Yet in my heart I love the nightingale that sings through the darkness and gloom of the night. Ever and ever comes the recurring cheering notes, that help, that uplift, that teach us to sing, to help others, if not ourselves, in hours of gloom and sorrow. The dear Lord must have created these little singers to teach us a lesson as well as to give us pleasure.

## WINTER IN SACRAMENTO

The eucalypti from far Australia, and feathery acacias blooming in midwinter are in my own garden, while the glorious, glowing camellias, rich in semi-tropical bloom, show an over-abundance of floescence at a time when ice and snow wrap the Eastern States in cold, death-like embrace. Here in our fair State's capital we revel in the fragrance of daphnes, of green grass and clover blooms, among which gleams the iris of Europe and Japan. There are quiet, untroubled waters, where float the water lilies and lotus of the Orient, and in sunny nooks the papyrus of the Nile waves its gray, bushy, hair-like head and nods to every passing breeze. California is truly a hospitable place, where plant children have been welcomed from all quarters of the globe, and they, in return for the welcome, have repaid for their nourishing and adoption by growing more beautiful and more varied in form and color. And I, living amid such wealth of color and beauty, count myself blessed, and see, love, and understand, not with the unseeing eyes of the blind, but with clearer vision love the Master Creator and Builder all the more.



Who knows? A sensitive tightly strung wire may prefer to carry welcome news to an unwelcome message. Let us imagine it so, and ourselves one, and carry naught but good messages or news.



The flash and glitter of the far-off stars are faint to my dust-dimmed eyes, and the chill of the earth's touch grips me in its cold embrace. Patience, soul of mine, for beyond earth's verge, beyond the star-dusted firmament, there is rest and peace. We can wait!

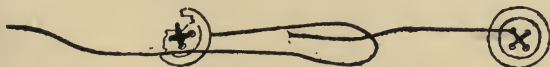


What a blessing life would be to some of us were we free from the wherewithal we should be clothed! What a lot of valuable time the Igorrote saves in the matter of clothing! He has evolved a dress that at least is in keeping with his expectations; for if it is cold, he expects it to turn warm; he tightens his g-string, remains "pacifico," and life is never a worry to him. We are to him in our restlessness like ants running hither and thither with clothing enough on one of our bodies sufficient for a whole village of Igorrotes. The simple in costume has been mastered by those brown-skinned people, who like the "*buenos aires*" and sunshine on their bodies and are, they say, "always well."

My imagination has helped me to enjoy the glamor of the past as well as the beauty of the present. I have lived, and not on the husks of life either, but rather have sipped the nectar and ambrosia of the gods, while enjoying mere physical delights together with a contented mind. Traveling has helped me, made me better. I have felt I must live up to the pictures I have seen of this dear, beautiful old world over which I have wandered so much.



Green, the color of hope, was around me, and in the glint of yellow in the fields I saw hope's fruition, the harvest. The winds gathered up the sweet country scents into little bunches of sweetness and flung them at me, as I rested, drawing checks on the Bank of Phantasy, an inspiration from my surroundings.



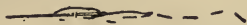
Wherever we are placed, in whatever condition or position we may have to live, it is wise not to fret or worry because of the future. It is ever beyond, and life's uncertainties must be accepted and lived with hopeful, trusting hearts, confident, in whatever lies beyond, that it is in the hand of God.



Grim death is ever stalking our footsteps like the dark companion of the great star Procyon, which no astronomer has ever seen, but of whose existence he is certain, because of the manner in which it draws the great star in an elliptical orbit. So we go on and on during the encircling years of life, ever conscious of the dark shadow that we know exists, the unseen, sinister, invisible shadow that is ever present, however we may laugh in the noontide brilliancy of youth and health. Ever conscious that the shadow will obscure us and the darkness of death will prevail. There is some compensation in being an animal—the dog is spared the shadow and the thought of death.



But after life's worries, and when its little span is ended, under the equatorial light of God's throne, where shadows cannot be, then, indeed, throughout all eternity will we not have our recompense?



Roasts are better for basting,  
So are the clothes we wear.  
Our manners our morals, our  
living,  
Need bastings for every tear.









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